Bulwer Lytton's Bridge.

"What is beautiful bridge between old age and childhood?—Twilight. How instinctively the child begins with prayer and worship on entering life, and how intuitively, on quitting life, the old man turns back to pray and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant," remarks Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his "Strange Story."

Yes, but between its distant abutments the bridge of life has many high and awful arches, through which the wild waters dash and roar in wrath and desolation. Prayer and worship alone to mid-stream there, but a solid rock must lie unshaken beneath, and human art and skill must rear and solidify the structure overhead. God's will is best—all will be well in the long life he has made for the creatures whom He has placed under their control. Neither the child's trustful "Our Father," nor the old man's "Forget me not in the midst of mine infirmities," will alter this by the weight of a single grain.

Science and art first—then faith and prayer—is the order of Heaven itself. Divinity heals through his agents, and those agents are the discoveries of man: not the vague announcements of prophets and seers. Is life a burden to you? Does time drag? Is your power to cope with life's problems and duties weakened? You are not well. Your blood is sluggish and tainted, perhaps; or some important organ is torpid or overworked. This fact may have taken the form of dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, malaria, pains in the stomach, chronic headache, or any of a dozen other ills. PARKER'S TONIC will invigorate you at a fresh or invigorates those who have been shut up in damp, fetid cells. It is powerful, pure, delicious, acts swiftly, safe—the keystone of the centre arch of the bridge of life.

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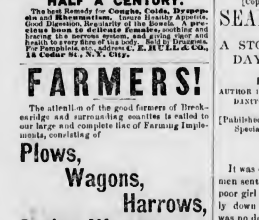

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THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. VIII. CITY OF CLOVERPORT, KY., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1884. NO. 36.

Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

SPRING HAS COME.

BY O. SHIW.

Spring has come!
Buds are swelling,
And the maple indwelling
Throat of bird;
The hum of brown-backed bees,
In and out the waking trees,
Now is heard.
Spring has come!

Spring has come!
From the hills
Leap the refreshèned rills,
Laughing is glee;
They rush to meet the river
Gilding slowly on forever
Unto the sea.
Spring has come!

Spring has come!
So has the chlite,
And chubagogue, and quinine pills,
And other things;
And mosquito with his bill
Will our nights with pleasure fill,
While bullfrog sings.
Spring has come!

Spring has come!
And the cats,
With their waves, and loogs, and curls,
Fit to a t fro;
Running hill for pus to pay,
For next Sunday is the day
For honest show.
Spring has come!

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SEALED UNTO HIM.

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM.

By JOAQUIN MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE DANITES," "MEMORIE AND RIME," ETC.

[Published in THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY OF SCREENS.

It was doubtful from the first how the men sent to execute "judgment" on this poor girl would proceed, as they rode slowly down the hill into the camp. There was no doubt in any one's mind what they would do in the end. But how and by what tortuous roads of cruelty and delay and dismay would they proceed? By what cruel cat-and-mouse means would they proceed to teach their terrible lesson of the vengeance and the power of Dan, 'a serpent by the way," "an adder in the path"?

When the sun shines hot and clear, a photograph is taken almost instantly, which will endure a long, long time.

And so it is in and with scenes like this. The blood was at fever heat. The imagination was like flame. Terror of what was to happen fastened all things there firmly as if the world stood still forever. The scent after a little time almost ceased to beat.

Before us to the south and far away glinted the green sea of salt in the morning sun. A green island of trees where a thousand cattle fed, the property of the Mormon church, lay far away toward the other side. It was but dimly visible, yet beautiful, peaceful to its far tranquility as a picture of Paradise.

As the eyes strolled and swept across the gleaming sea of salt and rested on this beautiful island, they seemed to want to remain there. You could not turn your head away or withdraw your gaze. There was a fierce fascination that kept the strained eyes looking down and out steadily toward that dim and distant isle of peace and beauty, which was irresistible. The tired eyes wanted to rest there forever. Or did the eyes so desire to remain there, far away in fields of beauty and of peace, to escape the threatened scene of blood and peril at our feet?

Beyond the broad and gleaming levels of this sea of salt, still beyond the verdant restful isle, and right above and over the few scattered fields and farm-houses on the near shore, shot the snow-topped towers of the Wahsatch. These magnificent mountains drew an impassable wall, a crescent to the east and north, around the incipient Mormon city. These mighty towers of snow, this strange, new people, mad on the subject of religion, called their "towers of strength." They likened them to the white towers that were above the mighty walls of Jerusalem of old. Everywhere, in all things around them, they read the fulfillment of prophecies, Bible traditions and Bible truths. The deserts and the wells in the deserts, the balm-of-gilead trees, even the locusts that sometimes devoured the land—in all these they read, imagined, believed implicitly, that they had here, thousands of miles away from all the world, found a new Jerusalem; that they were indeed the children of the lost tribes—the children of Dan indeed, that should judge the people of the earth as they passed, and be as "a serpent by the way," "an adder in the path."

To the east of this remnant of a dried-up sea, and close upon the salt-white shore of it, there gushed from the rocky hillside a little river of boiling water which sent forth its steam in the early morning in a perpetual drift of snowy clouds. Then beautiful white clouds rose to the mountain-top to the east, and there rested lazily in the sue or cradled to and fro above the Mormon city.

Beneath these cradled clouds, far below them, and yet far above the city, and to the east and to the south, and above our own camp, there was drawn in a precise level the definite and unmistakable shore and surf-line of a great dried-up sea. Hundreds of feet above the black and heavy waters of Salt Lake, you can see where the surf roared in storm and tempest when the world was young, tore the rocks to splinters, fashioned caverns, and washed a pebbled strand. These marks will remain while the mountains remain. All around, high up on the hill top, you pick up sea-washed pebbles, petrified sea-fish of a forgotten age, stones with sea-moss and sea-shells encased in them, and endless evidence that the ships of Solomon might have sailed these mountain-tops, seeking the land of Ophir.

And yet here was pitiful man, in the heart of all this mystery, in the presence of ever-patient and industrious Nature as she tried to fashion a home for him glorious and beautiful, cutting his fellow-man's throat before he had yet fairly sat down to the possession of it all. Was there not sorrow enough here?

Why, these Mormons had been riding, racing, dashing about for days and days to find a single victim to murder. And now they had found their victim. She must die. She was already in some sense dead.

Some one had seen the hand of the giant shoot high and straight and perpendicular in the air as the Danites rode down from the hill. They answered with the same emphatic and silent sign. What did it mean? As they approached the camp, he also approached. He came with a heavy, massive, and deliberate tread, as if he owned the earth. He took possession of the place. They entered the camp together. The men looked at the giant for their orders. He motioned them to dismount. They did so, and stood a little apart, holding their hungry and tired horses by long rawhide tethers as they bent their sleek necks to the ground, rattled their steel bits in their teeth, and ate of the green and abundant grass as if it never had been or should be stained with blood.

I know you are clutching your hand here with ferocity toward the one party, and shame and pity for the other. You would have fought, died then and there, or destroyed these destroying angels, would you?

Not so. Braver men never were known than the pioneers of those days. But there soon grew full a fascination on all and always, from these swift and silent fanatics—the fascination of the serpent when it looks in a bird's eyes—that paralyzed the worn and weary pilgrims in those early days. And you search the chronicles in vain for one single act of successful defence. Not one of a thousand murders ever met with any real resistance.

Some believed that this new religion would cover the earth. Men who abhorred it had seen its audacity and power so suddenly and wonderfully developed here in these mountains of Mexico, that no wonder they were appalled and silent before its executioners. It had its believers, too, in every camp. No one dared complain to his neighbor, not even to his own brother, or build up plans of escape, punishment, or revenge. A man did not trust his own wife. There was but one course to take—bear all in silence.

Our party had already unyoked their oxen, and the large-eyed, patient cattle, glad to be let loose once more, were mouthing the sweetest grass along the green banks of the willow-lined stream. The weary men gradually sank down on the grass in groups; the children clung to their mothers' skirts in silent awe. No one spoke to the terrified girl. The large, hollow-eyed leader looked at her a moment; their eyes met. She knew him then. He was her husband. She was an apostate wife, and had been so judged by Dan. The story of the terrible fate of an apostate wife was familiar even to the children who looked on in silent terror.

He froze her blood with a cold stare, and then made a action with his large left hand in which he still held a book, to the north with the horses. They took off their bridles from their hungry horses and hung them over the pommels of their Spanish saddles Then they loosened the sinches of their saddles leisurely, and coming forward they gathered about the elder. They sat down, still holding to their tethers. Then the elder or ministrary began to talk calmly of the beauties of the book of Mormon, and to read and to preach. He beckoned all to draw near, and all drew near, obedient and breathless. With a gesture he bade the pale and terrified girl sit close before him in the gathering circle, and she did so; her great sad eyes lifting to his eyes as the eyes of a bird might lift helplessly to the fascinating eyes of the serpent that is to destroy her.

(Continued next week.)

She Knew She Was Right.

Bismarck Tribune.

"Is the gentleman of the house in?" he asked;

"Yes, sir, he air."

"Can I see him a moment?"

"No, sir, you can't see a hide nor hair of 'im!"

"Why can't I, madam? I would like to speak to him on business."

"If you was a dyin', an' Jim war the only doctor in Dakoty, you couldn't not an eye on him till he gives in on' talks decent. At dinner, a while ago, he tole me to pass 'im the apple sass, an' I tole 'im that w'an he tuck a notion that a little apple sass'd feel soothin' to his stomach, to say so, an' he said he'd have that sass or die. Then I tole him I'd defend that sass with life, an' he made a break up through the scuttle later the loft. W'en his scares come to 'im an' he gives in that sass is sass, he kin cum down, but if he makes a break afore that, off goes the top of his brad. Ther sets the sass, stranger, an' ther's Jim up in the loft, an' that's the way the matter stands jist now, an' I reckon you'd batter mosey along an' not get mixed inter this row!"

As the gentleman moved away, he heard her voice saying:

"Jim, w'en you get tired o' yer darn foolin' an' wunt this sass, jes' squeal out!"

And a gruff voice from the darksome garret responded:

"Sass!"

It is said that Governor Knott's appointment of Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, to be criminal judge in the eleventh district, is causing much dissatisfaction among the lawyers in that section of the state.

Mr. Thomas Jesse, of Woodford county, has lost almost one hundred sheep within the past few weeks. They sicken and die without any apparent cause.

Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WHAT FRIGHTENED HER?

BY ELLY B. DAMM.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Skittles had been married just one month, and of course he had not fallen into the habit of spending evenings at the village tavern or neighboring grocery.

It happened one night that they had exhausted every subject for conversation they could think of, and Tom was on the point of suggesting that it was about time to retire, when suddenly with a one-sighting shriek, Mrs. Skittles leaped from her seat and hopped up on to a chair, exclaiming

"Lord have mercy! Kill him, Tom, kill him!"

The astounded Tom rushed to the bureau, jerked out the top drawer, and caught up his pistol, which was kept loaded for the accomodation of burglars.

"Whic, Juley?—what? where is he?" he cried,

"There, Tom, there! Good heavens! Is the man blind? Don't you see it there?"

"I see nobody but ourselves. If there was any man, he ——"

"It is so man, but—O heavens! here it comes again, right this way! Kill it, Tom, kill it, before it tears me to pieces!"

"Tell me what it is, Juley! Hanged if I can see any thing!"

But he breathed a little easier, his fright speedily passing off when assured that the dreaded thing was not a man.

Following the direction of his wife's finger, as she pointed at the object of her terror, he espied a young rat on the floor.

"Oh!" said he valorously, "you just keep still Juley, and I'll settle him in short order!"

And he stole up to the fireplace, secured the poker, and tiptoed until he came in striking distance of the young rodent which he succeeded in stretching dead upon the carpet at the first blow.

Seeing her enemy slain, Mrs. Skittles recovered her composure in miraculously short time, and again seated herself at her sewing, volubly congratulating Tom on the heroism he had just displayed.

Just about that time a next door neighbor dropped in just to see how they were getting along, she said, and spend a few minutes in social chat.

The visit was most sensonable, as Mrs. Skittles was almost dead to tell some one of her terrible adventure with a ferocious mouse.

"No, Juley, dear, it was a rat," corrected Tom.

"Excuse me, Tom, love; but it was a mouse."

"But I positively assure you, Juley, it was a rat."

"And I'm equally positive, Tom, it was a mouse."

"But I insist, madam, that it was a rat!"

"And I insist, sir, that it was a mouse!"

"Don't tell me, Mrs. Skettles; do you suppose I'm a fool, and can't tell a rat from a mouse, and me postmaster of Hardinsburg, and in my own house, too?"

"Keep your temper, Mr. Skittles; don't get angry because I spoken work. Somehow or other, lately, I can never open my lips before you, but you fly into a passion And then you must be twitting me about *your* house, as if you were lord of everything here and I were only your humble servant. And what if you are postmaster of Hardinsburg, that don't make you the any better or politer husband, I'm sure. I declare, Mr. Skittles, that you are cross as a bear, and as unreasonable as you can live!"

"Mrs. Skittles, you are enough to provoke a saint! Three times you have contradicted me, and ——"

"All because I said a mouse wasn't a rat. A mouse *ain't* a rat, and you know it, Mr. Skittles."

"Mrs. Skittles, there's no standing this —no!—nor I won't stand it any longer. I will have a divorce! I won't live with such a termagant! There, madam, you have the word with the bark on!"

Here Mrs. Skittles fell back in her chair and burst into a flood of tears. The neighbor woman, finding matters getting a little too hot for comfort, stole out of the room and house and ran home fast as her legs could carry her.

Mr. Skittles paced the room back and forth for the space of five minutes or more, with bleached cheek, and lips quivering with rage, finally seating himself at a window, and, with an air of affected unconcern, began to whistle.

After three or four minutes, Mrs. Skittles suddenly jumped up from her chair, rushed across the room, threw her arms about his neck, berled her face in his bosom and sobbed:

"My dear husband!"

"My dear wife!" he responded, clasping his arms around her waist.

"I have offended you—deeply offended you," she cried; "can you forgive me?"

"Yes, darling!" kissing her. "A thousand times, yes!"

"How foolish I was, dearest and darling est Tom, to dispute with you about such a trifle!"

"Yes, it was very foolish in both of us. But never mind, sweet one; we have both come to our senses again. Kiss me, darling —there, all's made up! Ain't we happy now?"

"Yes, my love; O so happy! Clouds will come sometime, but, thank heaven, they are all gone now We can't expect sunshine always, can we? Oh! won't we have the precious times together hereafter, loving each other so tenderly? There!" kissing him fondly, "it seems to me that at this moment I am the most perfectly beppy woman in Hardinsburg—yes, in all the wide, wide world!"

"Blessed, blessed Juley! Kiss me again, darling! There—we've had the last of our quarrels, haven't we, my own, my angel one?"

"Yes, dearest Tom! And if we were going to quarrel again—which never can be—it would be about something of importance, wouldn't it, lovey? The more I think of it, the more foolish it appears, quarreling about so trifling a thing as a mouse!"

"You forget, my dear," said Mr. Skittles, "a rat, you mean."

"No, my love," she replied, "I mean a mouse."

"How can you, Mrs. Skittles, say a mouse, when I've told you over and over again that it was a rat? Do you think I've no eyes?"

"I say what I mean, Mr. Skittles, and I mean just what I say. To say it was a rat is the most absurd thing I ever heard! A rat, indeed!"

"Absurd or not, Mrs. Skittles, I tell you you are a simpleton! You don't know beans from leeways!"

"Then it's because I've lived a month with you, Mr. Skittles! I don't believe you ever saw a rat! Everybody knows they have long round tails, like a file! But I'm an abused woman, and I won't put up with such treatment any longer! I'll go home to my father in Dry Valley! We'll see then how a certain person can get along! And I will insist to the end of my days, Mr. Skittles, that it was a mouse!"

"'Twas a rat!"

"'Twas a mouse!"

"'Twas a rat!"

"'Twas a mouse!"

"A rat!"

"A mouse!"

"Rat!"

"Mouse!"

"Rat!"

"Mouse!"

How long this fusilade of contradiction would have gone on, and how it would have ended, there is no telling, but fortunately some of Mrs. Skittles' country relatives arrived, and preparing a hasty supper for them and getting them off to bed afterwards, put an end to hostilities for that time.

This occured away back during the administration of President Tyler. When General Taylor entered upon the executive office a change was made in the postmastership, and a few months after his ejection from office Mr. Skittles and wife received to a farm in Dry Valley, where, in the fullness of time Mrs Skittles was gathered to her fathers in the country graveyard.

As the breath was leaving her body, and her husband was bending over her to catch her last loving words, she said, in a scarcely audible whisper:

"It was a mouse, Skittles!"

And when, a few years ago, Skittles was called to follow her into the spirit-land, he opened his lips and spoke something too indefinitely to be understood.

What did you say, pa?" said his weeping daughter, bending her ear to his pallid and icy lips.

"I insist it was a rat, Juley!"

And with this whispered insistance his spirit took its flight.

WANTED

A Leader for the Democratic Party—References Exchanged.

New York Herald.

Frankness toward the public requires us to acknowledge that if Mr. Dana, of the Sun, desires to be nominated by either party the Herald will support him; but in the meantime, and until he decides, we take a certain generous interest in the fortunes of the democracy. They have been a long time out of power. If they could only play their cards shrewdly the public is, we believe, inclined to give them a chance this year. Just now they are quarreling at Washington over a tariff bill of such attenuated dimensions that even a humorous paragraph, one would think, would shrink, swallow it on the ground that if it does no good it can do little harm. But the democratic brethren are disputing over what remains of Mr. Morrison's bill as though their victory next November depended upon a cut and dog fight within the party until midsummer.

In the meantime, who is to be the democratic candidate? Who is to bear the banner of the party once more to victory or for the seventh time to defeat?

Is he to be an eastern man? A New Yorker? Is it to be Mr Tilden, or Mr. S. S. Cox, or Mr. Perry Belmont, or Mr. Hewitt or Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, the Fenian twister of the British lion's tail, or Mr. Edward Cooper, ex-Mr. Kelly's representative, or Mr. John Kelly himself? These are all New Yorkers, and we might extend the list by naming Governor Cleveland, Mr. Dorsheimer, General Slocum and a Mr. Spriggs, of Utica, who figures as a leader at Washington.

Or is General Butler, the valiant conqueror of Massachusetts, the coming democrat to arrive at Chicago on the 8th of July, as soon thereafter as the convention can make up its mind? Or will Mr. Randall or ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, or Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, be intrusted with the sacred flag? We are just now only considering eastern men or we should feel compelled to name also the gallant leader of Prince Bismarck, Mr. Tom Ochiltree, who would no doubt, if he were elected, give us a vigorous foreign policy

If Mr. Dana should prefer the republican nomination there would be an evident propriety in the democrats nominating Mr Henry Watterson. Mr. Dana is an eastern man; Mr. Watterson is a western man. Mr. Dana has described Mr. Tilden as too feeble to accept a nomination. Sly Mr. Daniel Mr. Watterson has described him as leaping up stairs two steps at a time, which is more, we suspect, than President Arthur does. Each has spoken of the other in language of such polite and respectful disregards as would make their rival candidacy full of life and vigor.

But until Mr. Dana announces his preference we fear Mr. Watterson must stand aside, unless, indeed, both would consent to run as democrats—one as the eastern, the other as the western candidate of the party. It would be an interesting spectacle to see the party put up two candidates, with the preliminary agreement that which ever got the most party votes should take the office in case the joint vote was large enough to defeat the republicans.

The Herald takes a friendly interest in the democratic party. It has very often given the democrats good advice, which they have very seldom had wisdom enough to take. It now advises them to nominate the best man in their party on the most popular platform they can construct. If they do that they have a fair chance of success.

By the way, they have been beaten so often on a "straddling" and two faced platform that they had better avoid that kind. The republicans do better with that sort.

Also, they ought not to revamp any old republican platforms.

Finally, they had better nominate a man who has had "the tariff" and knows by experience thou it is not a mere local disease like the measles or the mumps. It looks to us a little as though "the tariff" might presently become epidemic.

THE ENTOMBED VIRGINIA MINERS.

A Young Girl Promising to Marry Five Men When Brewsters Her Father's Body.

POCAHONTAS, VA., March 23.—The excitement on Friday night, when the indignation meeting was held to endeavor to compel the owners of the burning mines to reopen the same and recover the bodies of the 152 entombed miners, has subsided in a measure, and no desperate means will be employed by the residents to force a compliance with their wishes. As it was announced that the Rev. Charles Ashley, pastor of Union Church, would deliver an address today on the condition of affairs, the little chapel was thronged with relatives and friends of the dead miners to recover the bodies against the wishes of the mine owners, whom he felt sure had acted wisely in sealing up the mine, as it was impossible to effect an entrance or relieve those who were entombed. He was also sorry to hear that among the large assemblage on Friday no white man arose to advise that discretion be used, and that it was a colored man who told them what they should do as sensible men. "Standing here, with more than a hundred bodies of your friends and relatives under my feet, I have hesitated to say you have been unwise," continued the preacher. "You must be patient, and do nothing to bring discredit upon yourselves or your dead friends." The address was listened to with marked attention, and had a good effect for a time.

After the church was closed a large party of men assembled at the main entrance to the mine, and a long consultation was held. Only those who were known to each other were permitted to take part in the discussion. The result of their deliberations was not made public. Some think that a plan of action to try to enter the mine was agreed upon.

Superintendent Latheron said to day that the opinion of the expert miners employed by the company is that the fire in the mine is being gradually extinguished, and it is likely that an entrance may be effected on Tuesday.

The women are not so easily quieted as the men. A large number have husbands, brothers, or sweethearts among the victims, and an illustration of the taunts and pleadings to which the men are subjected was given today, when a young girl named Mollie Morris, the belle of the village, jumped upon a barrel, and, in the hearing of two dozen men, promised solemnly to marry the man who recovered the body of her father. The appeal met with no response, and with the remark, "No, you are all cowards," Mollie rejoined the other women.

Is Mr. Watterson a Tin Can!

New York Sun.

A telegraphic despatch from Washington, signed with the initials of the Hon. Henry Watterson, and purporting somewhat of the character of a proclamation, whose bullet pronouncements appeared in the Louisville Courier-Journal of Tuesday. The most interesting passage is herewith presented:

"The sooner the break comes the better. There can be no arrangement short of the surrender of the democratic party and Pennsylvania. If Mr. Randall and his followers can not support as conservative a democrat as Governor Hoadly, except at a high tariff bill, prepared by the republicans; and in that case they had better pick up their grapnecks and go over to the republicans, where on this question they properly belong."

This reminds us of a little incident not related in any of the primers on natural history. A Tin Can once succeeded in blacking itself artistically by several frank and ingenuous boys, to the tail of a fine Dog. The Dog started for Chicago. The Tin Can started, too. They fared along together, not without considerable discomfort and apprehension on the part of the head of the procession. The Tin Can, being empty, made much noise as it rattled over the rebbles; and at last the Dog, slightly tuning his head, remarked in a mildly remonstrating voice, "It strikes me you are a good deal of a nuisance on an expedition of this sort." Whereupon the Tin Can reddened almost to the color of the tomatoes it had formerly contained, and spurted with some heat. "The sooner the break comes the better, I hereby read you out of the Animal Kingdom!"

April 26 is the day named by the state senate for the adjournment of the legislature.

FASHION NOTES.

Hints of the Styles Most in Vogue Among the Fashionables.

New York Sun.

Plush pelerines are in high favor.

High, flat crowns are most in favor.

Polonaises are a feature in spring styles.

Draperies grow fuller and more elaborate.

Surplice and Greek waists are much worn.

Mantles grow longer, wider, and more elaborate.

Lengthwise tucks are seen on late imported costumes.

Hide seams are on longer worn under trained skirts.

Mantles are of larger size, and frequently of two materials.

Capotes and round hats divide the run of fashionable favor.

Gray French cashmere is immensely popular for spring suits.

Diversity is the most marked feature in fashions this spring.

Light drab d'ete comes up among other spring dress fabrics.

Ottomans play an important part in young girls' spring dresses.

The long redingote bids fair to be the popular early spring wrap.

Embroidered and brocaded taffeta glace silks will be much worn.

Flower ruches are pretty decorations of high-necked evening toilets.

New cotton prints for dresses show the fine India silk designs of last year.

Slippers, gaiters, boots, and shoes of all kinds are still pointed at the toe.

The newest jerseys are fitted to the figure with darts, side, and back seams.

Demi trained dresses are again in favor for house, dinner, and evening toilet.

The spring wraps most in vogue are mantle visites, pelerines, redingotes, and jackets.

Very small buttons and double hooks, joined like eyelets, appear on imported dresses.

Rose color and silver gray are the colors most worn in combination by Parisians at present.

Basques continue to be made with points in front, short curved sides, and full postilion backs.

Silk stockings, black or the color of the dress, are worn with shoes and slippers having large rosettes.

Checked percales and sateens reproduce the colors and combinations of Scotch ginghams and Madras zephyrs.

Basques are cut at the bottom into various eccentric points and curves, but the backs are invariably postilions.

Embroideries, Valenciennes, and oriental laces form the trimmings of new white muslin and veiling dresses.

Corsage are cut with points and without points, with long waistcoats and short waistcoats, gathered, plain, and pleated.

Corsages of black satin covered with long jet bugles are worn in Paris, making the wearers look as if eased in black diamonds.

Little boys' trousers come just below the knee, their jackets and large waistcoats fall low over these, and all three are of the same color.

THE FATHER OF PROHIBITION.

Why Neal Dow Began his Campaign which has Lasted Half a Century.

PORTLAND, MAINE, 29.—Today Gen. Neal Dow celebrated his 80th birthday in a quiet manner. He is still very vigorous, and probably has lost nothing of physical or mental strength within the past few years.

Mr. Dow was a teetotaler from early youth. The custom of offering wine among refreshments at social parties in Portland was largely put down by him and his temperance friends, who, the first of a line that continued their friends in large numbers without intermission. He was drawn into the warfare against the liquor traffic accidentally.

There was a lady well known to Mr. Dow and his family, whose husband, an educated man, holding an important public office was a dipsomaniac. This lady sent for Mr. Dow one day and told him that her husband was away again on a time. Mr. Dow went to a certain rumshop where Mr. Blank resorted and told the rumseller the whole story, entreating him not to sell the man any more liquor. The rumseller replied:

"It's my business to sell rum, and I have a license for it. I'll sell to anybody who asks for it who has the money to pay for it. I support my family by selling liquor."

Mr Dow indignantly replied:

"It's your business, then, to sell rum, and you have a license for it? You support your family, do you, by destroying other people's families? Heaven helping me, I'll change all that!"

Mr. Dow led Mr. Blank home, and from that day commenced an active, persistent, unceasing warfare against the grog shops. Innumerable meetings were held all over the state, in small towns and villages as well as in large towns and cities, everywhere denouncing the liquor traffic. When public opinion was prepared for the overthrow of the grog shops, as Mr. Dow supposed, he prepared a bill entitled "An act for the suppression of drinking houses and tipling shops." His friends said it was too radical. He went to Augusta with his bill in his pocket, had a public hearing in the representatives hall before a joint select committee, which agreed unanimously to report the bill without change. The next day was the last one of the session. That night Mr. Dow had his bill printed, it was placed on the desks of the members early in the morning, and on that day was passed through all its stages to be enacted, and went into effect on its approval by the governor.

Within six months the jails in five of the counties were empty, as well as the huse s of correction of Cumberland county. The open liquor traffic came immediately to an end.

It is generally believed that when the legislature adjourns there will be neither money in the treasury nor whisky in the saloons.—[Green Democrat.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1884.

WALLACE GRUELLE . . . . Editor

THE Hancock boom turned out to be only the stick of an expended rocket.

THE Memphis Avalanche designates Mr. Watterson "a fool." Isn't that base flattery?

THE eastern papers call Mr. Watterson "the O'Donovan Rossa" of the democratic party.

His foot may be all right, but Mr. Watterson certainly has a bad case of mouth disease

THE presidential aspirants are being weighed, and all are found wanting—the nomination.

ALL the women join the Chatauqua society because they think it is a chat talk away association.

IT is curious, but the democratic party blunders every time it goes counter to opinion of the Louisville Post.

"TRAIN catching," says Oscar Wilde, "is the national occupation of Americans." Lucky for him it isn't fool killing.

GRANT would be sorry to see John Sherman nominated for president. So would the husband of the deceased Eliza Pinkston.

KATE FIELD is working hard for Governor Murray, of Utah.—[Cincinnati News Journal. In what capacity? Chambermaid?

MISS ALLIE HILL declares that if the jury acquits Sharon she will kill him and then kill herself. The duty of the jury is now evident.

JUDGE FORAKER has hobbled up again in Ohio politics. It is evident that resurrectionists have been at work in the political graveyard.

IF Tom Ochiltree has a wife he Lasker when she comes on from Texas if she heard of the way he made old Bismarck "smell h—ll"

"THE pen is mightier than the sword," says Blaine to Logan. "Yes;" replies Logan, "except when employed in writing Mulligan letters."

ZENO YOUNG is the happy father of another baby. Zeno's marital motto must be: "Go it while you're Young, for when you get old you can't."

THE New York Flower doesn't seem to take root in western soil, though it is a goodly blossom and hath a most pleasant democratic fragrance

MR. WATTERSON succeeded in putting Mr. Randall and his friends to flight a good deal after the fashion of Sir John Falstaff with the robbers on Gad's Hill.

IT is easier for chewing gum to enter the mouth of a school-girl than it is for John R. White to convince the republicans of Kentucky that he is their Joshua.

THE district of Averse, Switzerland, refused to pay the taxes for last year.—[New York Sun. There must be a good many Averse people settled in this country.

THE Madisonville Times thinks the preachers have a hard time of it in this world. So they do. Think of a five-year-old hen being palmed off on one of 'em for a spring chicken!

THE Cadiz Old Guard thinks that education ought to help the morals of Joaquin Miller as well as the Mormons. True enough. Divorce and polygamy are twin relics of bawdyism.

THE Philadelphia Times thinks Mr. Watterson will soon have urgent need in Washington of 100,000 unarmed Kentuckians. If 1,000 unarmed men can be found in this state we are badly fooled.

MR. WATTERSON is incubating another bill. This time it is to copyright his bull excommunicating the Randall crowd from the democratic church, in order to keep the press of the country from republishing it with comments.

WE think it was Mr. Stealy, the present Washington correspondent of the Courier-Journal, who once dubbed Mr. Watterson "Light Horse Harry." Hobby Horse Harry would come near about hitting the bull's eye these days.

WOULDN'T this be a rattling ticket—one that would strike terror to the heart of Sam Randall and John Bull? For president, Henry Watterson, of Kentucky; for vice-president, O'Donovan Rossa, of New York. Platform: "Hell and Tibbatts!"

THE nomination of Hon. Hiram D. Peck for judge of the superior court by the democracy of Cincinnati was not only a deserved compliment to an able lawyer and learned jurist, but also a compliment to Kentucky, Judge Peck being a native of Harrison county, this state.

"REFORM, not revolution," as Mr. Carlisle tersely puts it, is the democratic policy. Let the extreme free trade and protection democrats saw the air to their hearts' content, but let the grand old party steer right along in the middle of the channel, thus avoiding the Sylla of free trade on the one hand and the Charybdis of protection on the other.

JOHN C UNDERWOOD and Emmett Logan have withdrawn from the Cincinnati News Journal. The former is succeeded in the general management by Mr. Charles M. Steele, and the latter as managing editor by a Mr. Van Hamm. The News Journal now appears in eight page form, and compares favorably in appearance and contents with any daily in the land. The retention of Mr. Douk as political editor is most wise. He is scholarly and able at all times, and frequently brilliant. The time is not distant when he will take rank among the leading editors of the country. In the future, as in the past, the News Journal will be unqualifiedly and unflinchingly democratic. We wish it the largest measure of prosperity.

A BOGUS JOSHUA.

The curse of any political party is the extremity of opinion and speech to which some of its members resort.

Zeal is a good thing, within proper bounds, in any man. It shows that he not only entertains opinions, but believes in them, and has the manliness to testify before all men of the faith that is in him. Zeal such as this is reasonable and praiseworthy.

But there is a zeal that is blind and unreasonable—a zeal that overleaps all discretion—that fixes its eye on a given point and endeavors to override all obstacles in order to annihilate time and space in effort to reach that point. It cares not for logic, despises argument, and spurns cautious counsel and wise advice. It believes all others wrong and only itself right. It deals in hard blows, and bitter denunciations of its opponents, and even of those of its own household who have discretion and make haste slowly to attain the same objects Cowards they are, proclaims over-zeal, and are afraid to speak their sentiments; lazy they are, and would let the fruit perish before they would exert themselves to pluck it from the tree of opportunity; they wait for opportunity rather than make it. "Look at the great Napoleon," exclaimed one of these over-zealous brethren the other day. "He was no conservative or laggard by the way. He never loitered in his tent and waited for opportunity to come, but boldly crossed rivers that were thought impassable and scaled mountains supposed to be inaccessible. By his energy and genius he conquered a world—knocked kingdoms about like shuttlecocks and played football with crowns."

So he did—for awhile. But follow him to the end, good brother. Stripped of the fruits of the victories that gave him earthly immortality, deprived of the splendid empire his daring and genius created, robbed of the glory that his ambition had won with much waste of blood and treasure, he died a miserable prisoner on a lone island far away from the land he had lorded it over as a demi-god. What though he did gain all at the beginning, did he not lose all at the ending? Good-sooth, dear brother, thou art unfortunate in thine illustration. Slow and sure is much safer to win its way and wish than fast and brilliant.

The democratic party of to-day, unfortunately, is accursed with a few gentlemen of Napoleonic ideas—"doctrinaires," as they grandiloquently style themselves—who would force the party to cross the Alps of public opinion, and compel it to march on the Moscow of free trade, regardless of the time and season. This curse, so far, has been only an annoyance of noise, something akin to the hullabaloo of a charivari; but its persistency may, if not met by the counteracting influence of condemning opinion inside the party, produce irreparable damage. While it is true enough that there are men and men, it is equally true that all men are true lovers of their own opinions, and false though they may be in all things else, the cases are exceedingly rare where men have proved false to their opinion. Hence in all movements, political, religious or social, where success has been attained, that success has been reached through the working of the conservative forces inside the organization. Extreme measures are always repellant to the conservative mind, and extreme views ever generate bitter opposition. The democratic party is to-day experiencing the truth of this.

There is a remedy—a certain, safe, and sure remedy—for this disturbance, and that is to let the extremists say their say. Pay no attention to them, and they will cease their noise when they get out of breath. There is our own bright and beautiful Mr. Watterson, for instance. He is a pretty man, a smart man, a talking man, and a dear lover of his own opinion. He also highly appreciates the gifts of Mr. Watterson. A doctrinaire—bless you, he sweats doctrine; it runs from the pores of his skin like water through the orifices of a sifter. What he don't know about the doctrines of democracy Thomas Jefferson never dreamed nor Andrew Jackson heard of. It doesn't make any difference that he is occasionally inconsistent. That is an eccentricity of genius. What if, eight years ago he pronounced free trade the empty dream of impracticable visionaries? Bless and save us all, the Mr. Watterson of eight years ago and the Mr. Watterson of to-day are two different people, a sort of Box and Cox arrangement, occupying the same body, but of widely divergent opinions and speech, even as Box and Cox were of widely different callings. The Mr Watterson of eight years ago was a member of congress, and voted for the electoral commission bill because Senator Edmunds had convinced him that it was constitutional, right and proper. Catch the Mr. Watterson of to-day guilty of any such folly as that, will you! He knows that that electoral commission bill was "the crime of the century.," the "greatest steal of any age," the fraud that covers with infamy all who were concerned in it. That's the sort of Mr. Watterson whose praise we sing. There's no nonsense about *him*. He's none of your one gallused sort. What he knows —and we can prove by himself that he knows it all—he knows from the ground up. And when he says a thing he says it right out in meetin'. And he's a bee that stings as well as buzzes. He may not be a honey-bee—indeed, we don't think he is. But what is the use of a bee who knows how to work his business and fooling away his time in making honey? Besides, the flower of free trade, just at present, yields but very little, if any, of the saccharine essence that furnishes body for honey. And free trade is the present hobby with our Mr. Watterson. And that leads us to the point we have been trying to reach for the last half hour.

There are a good many democrats who are not free traders, nor yet can they be justly termed protectionists in the broad meaning of the word. They occupy a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground between those two extremes. They want the tariff abuses reformed in order that the people may be relieved of the heavy burden of taxation it places upon them. Mr. Curlisle has stated their position in this neat epigram: "Reform, not revolution." This class compose about nine tenths of the party. The other tenth embraces the extremes of protection and free trade. We know well enough that that one tenth has served notice on the nine-tenths that they may "pack their grip-sacks and go over, bag and baggage, to the republican party, where they properly belong;" but the question that worries us is, Will they do it? If they don't and won't, then what is to become of our Gideon? If the walls of the conservative democratic Jericho fail to fall, then where is the virtue in blowing ramshorns thereunder? That's what we'd like to know, and that, we suspect, is what Mr. Watterson would like to know.

Pending the answer to this question—an answer that can only be made at the polls in November—what is Mr. Watterson going to do, and what are we going to do, who look upon him as

"The lead-horse of a team composed
Of an ass and oxen twain,"

as John Randolph once wrote of a trio of prominent Virginians.

The truth is, Mr. Watterson is as much ahead of the times now as he was behind it eight years ago. We are a free trader ourself, and have been for many years. We expect to die a free trader, and we are morally certain that we will die before free trade becomes the policy of this country. But that doesn't shake our zeal for nor weaken our faith in the ultimate triumph of the principles of free trade. We are certain that our children will enjoy its blessings, and hence we labor alone for posterity. But Mr. Watterson hath not our cold, phlegmatic temperament, nor yet our steady patience, and, we are sorry to believe, he lacks our unwearying faith. He is all nerve and bounce. Every thing must be done in a minute, and done his way, or eternal smash and bustupness is at hand. There is where he works harm instead of good. As an original free trader we protest against his course. We deny that he is an authoritative exponent of free trade principles. We are certain that he does not voice the sentiments of the vast majority of the free traders of the country when he walks into the house of our best friends, where we have always been welcome guests, and bid our hosts to pack their effects and leave us in possession of the house. He is too extreme to suit us. He is too extreme to suit the democratic masses. The best thing he can do is to buy him a box of matches, a few rolls of sulphur, and step out on the commons and start a little hades of his own. He is a bogus Joshua, whose commands the sun of democracy will never obey.

LET Logan, Sherman, Blaine, and the other fellows frighten the air with flaunting banners and crack the ear of creation with the noise of brass bands, if it give them pleasure; but all the while Arthur is drilling the grand army of officeholders for a dress parade time at the Chicago convention, and he'll get the nomination as easy as Thatcher's boy got old Craigmyle's watermelons.

THE CITIZENS' MASS MEETING.

The Largest and Most Orderly Convention Ever Held in Cloverport—A Municipal Ticket Nominated.

Agreeable to the call published in the NEWS two weeks before, the largest mass meeting of citizens to determine municipal matters ever held in this city, assembled at Fisher's Hall last Thursday evening.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. R. L. Newsom, who moved that Judge J. A. Murray be chosen chairman of the meeting, which motion unanimously prevailed.

Judge Murray, on taking the chair, briefly stated the object of the meeting, as he had gathered from the call convening it, and announced that the selection of secretaries would be the the next thing in order.

On motion of Mr. Fred Walter, Messrs. John H. Babbage and F. N. D'Huy were chosen secretaries.

Mr. Wallace Gruelle moved that a committee of five, consisting of two members from the first ward and three from the second, be appointed to present to the meeting the names of suitable persons to be balloted for as nominees for the positions of mayor and councilmen, which motion prevailed

After some discussion relative to the effect the report of this committee would have, the vote adopting it was reconsidered, and Mr. Gruelle withdrew it

The chair then announced that nominations were now in order for mayor.

Dr. T. N. Werfield nominated Dr. W. B. White.

Mr. J. L. Miller nominated Hon. R. R. Pierce.

Mr. Frank Fraize moved that the vote be taken by ballot. Adopted.

Mr. J. D Babbage moved that the tellers be instructed to receive ballots only from legal voters Adopted.

The chair appointed Messrs. Dr. J. T. Owen, J D Gregory, Dr. R. L Newsom and P. S. Miller as tellers to collect the ballots.

The ballot resulted as follows: White, 61; Pierce, 36.

The result being stated, the chair announced Dr. W. B. White the declared nominee of the convention for the office of mayor.

The convention then proceeded to the nomination of candidates for councilmen from the first ward, which resulted in the selection of Messrs. A. B. Skillman and W. H. Bowmer by a unanimous vote.

Nominations for councilmen from the second ward being the next business in order, the names of Messrs. W. G. Smart, Wallace Gruelle, Amiel Oelze, Cy Lillard, P. S. Miller, J. L. Miller and F. Walter were presented.

It was suggested, and adopted by the meeting, that each voter present from the second ward should write the names of the three of the gentlemen named he preferred on a ballot, and that the three receiving the greatest number of votes should be declared the nominees of this convention.

The balloting resulted as follows: Smart, 31; Gruelle, 36; Oelze, 19; Lillard, 39; P. S. Miller, 24; J. L. Miller, 21, Walter, 14.

Messrs. Lillard, Smart and Gruelle having received the greatest number of votes, were declared the nominees of the convention for the position of councilmen for the second ward.

Mr. E. A. Baldwin moved that the chair appoint a committee of three to wait upon the successful gentlemen and inform them of the action of the convention, which was adopted, and Messrs. J. L. Miller, P. S. Miller and Amiel Oelze were appointed said committee, who found and escorted Dr. White and Messrs. Smart and Lillard to the chair.

Dr. White thanked the convention for the honor it had conferred on him, pledged himself to use all honorable means to secure the election of the ticket, and promised, should he be chosen at the polls, to execute the duties of the office of mayor diligently, honestly, and for the best interests of the city.

Mr. Smart also thanked them for the compliment bestowed on him, and promised to do the best he could for the city if elected. Mr. Lillard was very thankful for the unexpected and unsought honor conferred upon him. He was no speech maker, and must be excused from attempting to make a speech. He could only promise that, in case he was elected, he would perform the duties of the position to the best of his understanding and ability. He could do no more than that except to again thank the convention for this evidence of its confidence and esteem.

The committee being unable to find the other gentlemen, so reported, and there being no other business before the meeting, it adjourned *sine die*.

Taken altogether, this meeting was exceptionally strong not only in numbers but in the character and standing of the members composing it. There was no wrangling, no scrambling for nominations, but everything passed off pleasantly and quietly and without jar or discord at any stage of the proceedings. It does not become us to speak flatteringly of the ticket presented in its entirety, but we must say of our colleagues on it that they are gentlemen of sterling worth, and fit representatives of the intelligence and integrity of the city.

For ourself, it may not be out of place to state that we left the convention at 9 o'clock, having promised our family to return at that hour. Besides thanking our fellow citizens for the unexpected and unsolicited honor conferred upon us, we can only promise that, in the event that their action in nominating us is ratified by the voters of our ward, we will, in the performance of the duties of councilman conform our action solely to the conservation of the best interests of the whole city. Like Mr. Lillard, our colleague on the ticket, we can not say more than this, and proper respect for the convention that honored us forbids our saying less.

Call for a Democratic State Convention.

To the Democracy of Kentucky:

At a meeting of the democratic state central and executive committees, held at Frankfort, March 19, 1884, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a democratic state convention to appoint delegates to the national democratic convention, to meet in Chicago, July 8, 1884, and also to select state electors, be, and is hereby, called to meet in the city of Frankfort, on Wednesday, May 7, 1884, at 12 o'clock

Resolved, That we hereby appoint Saturday, April 26th, as the day upon which the democracy of the various counties shall meet at the respective county seats for the purpose of sending delegates to the state convention. The county committee of each county is requested to give due notice of the day and object of the meeting, and to name the hour at which it shall be held. In selecting county delegates, it is recommended that the rule of one for each two hundred votes cast for Knott for governor, and one for every fraction of one hundred and over, be observed.

By order state central and executive committees.

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, Chairn.
H. T. STANTON, Sec.

THE CINCINNATI COMMUNE.

A Maddened Mob Attacks the Jail—Conflicts with the Military—Terrible Loss of Life—The Courthouse Burned—A Reign of Lawless Violence.

CINCINNATI, March 29.—Ten thousand men assembled in indignation meeting at Music Hall last night to concert measures to suppress the lawlessness and crime that overruns this city. Stirring speeches were made, but not of an inflammatory nature. After the meeting adjourned the immense crowd moved almost in its entirety upon the county jail, where some twenty-five or thirty murderers are confined, and began battering in the doors and windows, their object being to lynch the prisoners. They speedily effected an entrance, but were eventually driven out by the police and military, but not until several of their leaders were captured, two or three of the mob killed, and a good many wounded. This was about midnight.

Half an hour later they fired the jail, but as the blaze was kindled in a room built exclusively of stone and brick, the destruction of the building was not accomplished. At a quarter of two o'clock this morning, one detachment of the mob broke into the gunstore of Kittredge & Co and rifled it of all the guns, pistols and ammunition it contained while another detachment entered the national guard armory and despoiled it of the arms and ammunition stored there.

At 2:30 o'clock the soldiery fired on the mob from the jail windows, with some effect but to what extent is not yet known. Thirty minutes later several barrels of coal oil, that had previously been rolled into a basement room of the building, were ignited but with no damage, as there was no woodwork to feed the flames. A large crowd,

Concluded on Third Page.

WITT & CONRAD
COME TO THE FRONT

With a large and complete stock of all kinds of Farming Implements, which they are offering at very low prices.

SPECIALTIES.

Urie Clipper Plows,
Avery Chilled and Steel Plows,

the best chilled plow in the market, and warranted inferior to none.

Blount's True Blue Plows, Cultivators and Sulkies.

—ALSO AGENTS FOR—

The Hoosier Drill, and
The Springfield Engine and Thresher,

THE FARMER'S CHOICE WAGON

is of our own manufacture, and warranted to be one of the best wagons made. We also manufacture Buggies and Plows, which for durability and workmanship cannot be excelled in this market. Blacksmithing and Repairing have our special attention.

OUR HORSESHOEING

is done by ABNER DENT, who is recognized to be one of the best shoers in the state. We invite farmers and all who wish to procure anything in our line to call on us before purchasing elsewhere, as we are prepared to give you good work at very low figures.

WITT & CONRAD.
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

M. MEYER,
FORMERLY M. MEYER & CO.,
BURAS, KY.

I take pleasure in announcing to the public that I am just in receipt of a new, large, and carefully selected stock of

Spring and Summer Goods,

embracing a full line of Ladies Dress Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Pure Drugs, Stoves, Tinware, Queensware, Hardware, Family Groceries, Garden Seeds, Saddles, Bridles, Blankets, Harness, Oliver and Meikle Plows, Studebaker Wagons, Etc., Etc., all of which he will Cheaper than the Cheapest for Cash or Country Produce. Will pay the highest market price for Wool. M. MEYER.

DENT, BASSETT & CO.,
LEITCHFIELD, KY.,
Will Keep in Stock for the Spring Trade

Sulky Plows, Walking and Riding Cultivators, Hoosier Grain Drills, Hoosier Corn Planters, B. F. Avery & Sons' Chill and Steel Plows, "Old Hickory" Wagons, Tobacco Grower, Corn Grower, Tobacco Compound, Super Phosphate, Bone Meal, &c., &c.

OWENSBORO PLANING MILL,
FRONT AND LOCUST STREETS,
CARY & TAYLOR,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS,
BRACKETS, &c., &c.

Also dealers in all kinds of Dressed and Undressed Lumber Rough Lumber taken in exchange for Finished work. Persons contemplating Building or Repairing will find it to their interest to call and see us or write for prices before purchasing elsewhere.

The Highest Cash Price paid for Lumber.

MARCH 19, 1884.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL AND EXPRESS.

J. BACON & SONS,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

We take great pleasure in announcing to the public that we have now ready one of the largest, most varied, and complete lines of

WHITE GOODS, LACES AND
EMBROIDERIES

ever brought to this market. Having placed our orders early last Fall, buying goods in very large quantities, directly from the manufacturers for cash, we are enabled to offer buyers great inducements in any thing in our line.

WHITE GOODS.	EMBROIDERIES.	LACES.
India Linen@15, 20, 25c. Victoria Lawns@10,12,15c Persian Lawns and Princess Lawns@18,20 25c Paris and French Mull. 1,500 packages Striped and Plaid Nainsook@10, 12, 15, 20, 25c. 5,000 yds Pique@5 and 8½c	50,000 yds Hamburg and Swiss Embroideries in all widths with an elegant line of Insertions to match, ranging in price 2c to $1 50 per yard.	10,000 yds Cotton Laces@ 2, 3, 5, 7, 8c. 50 000 yds Fancy Laces@5, 7, 8 10, 12½, 15 and 25c. 10,000 yds Spanish Laces, in Cream and Black 25 000 yds Fancy Laces in Cream and White.

NOVELTIES

in Embroidered and Lace Collars, Ribbons, White Lisle Thread and Balbriggan Hose; Mousquetaire, Button and Hook Kid Gloves in all the latest spring shades. Special attention is called to our immense line of Muslin Underwear, which for quality, make and style can not be excelled. Chemise from 40c to $1.50, Skirts from 50c to $6.50, Night Robes from 84c to $3.50. Just opened a large line of Infant Robes and Dresses.

MOURNING GOODS!
MOURNING GOODS!

We have just opened a very large and handsome line of Black Cashmeres, Silk-warp, Henriettas, Tamise, Barjiou Cloth, and Mourning Goods of all descriptions, together with a large line of the celebrated world-renowned

Courtaulds Crepes for Trimming AND Veiling.

Carpets a Specialty.

Our Carpet rooms are replete with the largest and choicest line of Carpets ever displayed in this market Many of the designs were manufactured expressly for us, and can not be duplicated elsewhere. We solicit a visit to this department when in our city, whether you come with a view of purchasing or not.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Samples and prices sent by mail of all kinds of merchandise, with the exception of carpets, free of charge. We have a regular department under the supervision of one of the firm, for this branch of our business, and will insure those entrusting their orders to us that they may depend upon having them filled with the same promptness, care and at the same prices as if under their own supervision. In writing please state this paper. Enclose 3-cent stamp in sending for samples, and please state about the price goods wanted. J. BACON & SONS.

J. BACON & SONS
Importers, Jobbers & Retailers,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

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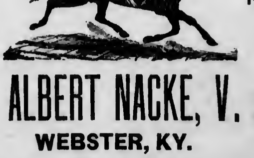

DR. ALBERT NACKE, V. S.,
WEBSTER, KY.

Dr. Nacke, who is a regular graduate of the Veterinary Colleges of Hanover, Germany, and Edinburg, Scotland, tenders his professional services to the Farmers and Stock-raisers of Breckenridge and adjacent counties.

Dr. Nacke, besides having been employed by the U. S. Government as veterinary surgeon, has done a great deal of practice in Kentucky, and has testimonials from many prominent citizens of Hardin, Daviess and this county to his efficiency and skill in the treatment of diseases of Horses and Cattle. He makes a specialty of diseases of the Eye and Hoof. He has a blacksmith-shop under his superintendence at Webster, where he pays particular attention to the shoeing of animals placed under his care on scientific and natural principles.

He has also secured the Training Track on the Basin Spring Farm, and will break young, wild, or vicious horses either to the saddle or buggy, at $20 per month.

He keeps constantly on hand, at his place in the town of Webster, a fine lot of trained and pedigreed riding and driving animals for sale.

Hoping to receive the patronage of the stockmen of Breckenridge and adjoining counties, he confidently refers all inquirers as to his efficiency to Dr. Geo. H. Kurtz, Webster, Ky.; Dr. Wm. Milner, Union Star, Ky.; Mr. Mell. Meador, Big Spring, Ky.; Mr. Visgil Hardin, Holt, Ky., and Dr. J. F. Lightfoot, Fordsville, Ky.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, first insertion.......................$1 00
" " second insertion.......................50

Marriage, birth and death notices free. Obituary notices and tributes of respect, 5 cents per line.

Business locals 10 cents per line, and 5 cents for each additional insertion.

Calls upon persons to become candidates, 10 cents per line.

Liberal contracts can be made for large advertisements to be inserted more than once.

For further information address
J. D. BABBAGE, Publisher.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1884.

ANNOUNCEMENTS—August Election.

We are authorized to announce A. M. DeJERNETTE as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Breckenridge county, with D. R. M. Smith and D. H. Severs as deputies. Subject to the decision of the democratic party.

ANNOUNCEMENTS—City Election.

For Mayor.

We are authorized to announce DR. W. B. WHITE as a candidate (subject to the decision of a convention should one be held) for Mayor of the City of Cloverport at the ensuing May election.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Circuit court next Monday.

Next Sunday is Palm Sunday.

The primary election comes off next Saturday.

Witt & Conrad are making things lively in the plow trade.

Mr. J. J. Severs, of Union Star, was in the city Monday.

When you go to Hardinsburg next week, stop at Elder's Hotel.

Mrs. L. L. Carlton left for Frankfort, Sunday, to visit relatives.

J. L. Miller will have a fine horse for sale at the first day of court.

Mr. Henry Hamilton, of Cincinnati, is visiting his sister, Mrs. E. A. Beldwin.

WANTED.—To buy a fresh milch cow and calf, for cash. C. P. SAWYER.

To night, at the Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. May will lecture on "Mexico."

Farmers can save from 50 cents to $1. by buying their plows from Witt & Conrad.

If you want to buy a First class Wagon, see J. L. Miller at Hardinsburg the first day of court.

If you want a good one-horse plow, with two steel points, for $4, call on Witt & Conrad.

J. H Carson has a lot of choice Plymouth Rock chickens and eggs for sale. Pure stock.

Dr. C. E Cox has moved into the rooms in the Boyd building vacated by Mr. Wm. Cooper.

Our handsome young friend, Mr. Harry Hardy, of Rockport, Ind., was in the city yesterday.

It is said of Jim Meador, that he is not happy only when strolling on the Hardinsburg pike.

There was quite a little party went out to the Sunday school convention from this city last Sunday.

Mr. Pres. Adams, an old citizen of Tobinsport, Ind., died at his home in that place Monday night.

Mr. John Sloton went to Hopkinsville last Wednesday to place Milton Greenwood, a lunatic, in the Asylum.

John Sloton bought of Buck Board, Tuesday, fine saddle mare for $150 "Sails" says it will take $250 to buy her now.

Mrs. Dorcas Board, wife of Mr. Jeff Board, died at her home near Patesville, last Sunday night, of consumption.

Farmers, if you want an Avery Plow, a Jumping Shovel Plow, a Blount Plow, or an Urie Plow, call on Witt & Conrad.

If any farmer wants any kind of Machinery, or his house covered, let him see J. L. Miller the first day of April court.

Try Dr. Whitesel's German Liniment for Rheumatism. Price 50c. per bottle For sale by W. G. Short, Cloverport, Ky.

Some of the saloon keepers are not satisfied with the citizens' ticket for council men, and propose to put out one of their own.

Call and see Babbage's display of Gent's Furnishing Goods for the spring trade. It is a very large, handsome, and complete line.

There will be Sabbath School at the Presbyterian church at 9 o'clock a. m., and preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., next Sunday.

TO MY FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS—I will be in Hardinsburg the first day of April court, and will be glad to give prices on Tin Roofing and Reaping and Mowing Machines. J. L MILLER.

Messrs Witt & Conrad's advertisement appears in another column of this paper. Farmers will do well to read it and, when they come to town, to call on them and learn their prices before making purchases in their line.

The Sunday School convention held at Clover Creek Church last week was well attended, and the occasion was both pleasant and profitable to the work. $102 was raised for the benefit of the Sunday School cause in the state.

Read J. C. Yeagar & Co's advertisement in this issue. This firm succeeds the old firm of Wm. Cooper, and occupy his old stand at the west end of the iron bridge. Mr. Cooper is connected with them, and will be pleased to see all of his old friends.

Mr. Abe Dittoe, jr., wife and son, Charlie, of Meade county, were here last week and spent several days visiting his sister, Mrs. J. D. Babbage. They left on the Guiding Star Sunday to pay a visit to Mr. Harvy English and family in Roberts' Bottom.

Mr. Grant Gregory has bought fifty feet of ground on Main street, opposite Hon R. R. Pierce's residence, where he will move his dwelling house. He says he has had enough of high water and wants to get out of its reach. Murphy & Greenwalt have the contract, and began work Monday.

Mr. W. J. Robertson, of Rock Lick, entred one of the stalls in his stable, about two weeks ago, where there was a mule, and just as he turned to go out the mule turned also and caught him between it and the stall, breaking his arm, dislocating his wrist, and bruising him badly in the breast.

To-day Dr. Geo. H. Kurtz will offer for sale at Elizabethtown seven pedigreed stallions, two jacks, a car load of saddle and harness mares, and a car load of mules Next Monday he will offer at public auction in Hardinsburg, twenty or thirty head of fine, good for all work mares. This will be an excellent chance to get a good animal for breeding purposes.

Rev. Mr. Harvey, general superintendent of the Baptist Sunday Schools of this state, was here Sunday, and preached in the Baptist church at night. He also attended the Sunday School convention held with Clover Creek church last week, and was well pleased with his visit and loud in his praise of that people and their very liberal donations to the cause of Sunday Schools.

THE NEWSOM BOYS

In a New Role—They Steal Horses from Dr. White and Mr. F. Walter—Percy Arrested at Beaver Dam With the Stolen Animals in His Possession—Alfa Still at Large—Percy's Confession.

Tuesday night of last week—the 25th ult.—the stables of Dr. W. B. White and Mr. Fred Walter, in this city, were entered and two valuable mares stolen therefrom. The next morning the footprints of the thief were plainly distinguishable at each stable door. They were very small, much smaller than those made by the average foot of man.

The trail of the horses led up the point of the hill opposite Locust street, across the Murray lot, and out Sycamore street to Cherry, at the corner of Dr. Lewis' yard, and out Cherry to the Bowling Green road, where they were lost.

It was evident, from the course pursued, that some one exceedingly familiar with the town had committed the theft. It was only on Thursday that suspicion began to point at Alfa Newsom, and then only by his confident assertions that day that he knew where the horses could be found, and that he intended to go and recover them and earn the reward. It was thought that it was singular that he was possessed of a clue that had escaped every one else, and then it was remembered that the telltale footprints at the stable doors corresponded with the size of his foot; but the suspicion thus aroused in a few minds did not go beyond connecting him in a scheme with some person unknown to run the horses back of town somewhere to a place of concealment, and hold them until a reward was offered, and then for Alfa to go out, bring them in, and secure the reward. Even this suspicion was not breathed aloud, as there was nothing tangible on which to base a public accusation.

Thursday night he took a down packet, his destination being Owensboro, where, as he told several parties before leaving, he intended to take the cars for Central City, and then go up or down the Paducah road, as circumstances might direct, inquiring at each station until he struck the trail of the stolen animals.

No one entertained any suspicion of Percy being connected with the theft of the horses, as he was believed to be in Louisville, where he had gone to drive a street car, as he had informed several of his young associates before leaving.

Therefore the astonishment of the community can be better imagined than described when, at noon of Saturday, a pursuing party consisting of Detective Wills, Willie White and Orfila DeHaven, reinforced by Town-marshal Proctor, of Spring Lick, Grayson county, came riding down Elm street with the stolen animals and Percy Newsom, the latter under arrest.

The following is Willie White's account of the pursuit and capture:

Willie left here Thursday morning, his destination being the railroad at Spring Lick, it being believed that the thief had made for that point. That afternoon, when within a few miles of his destination, he met a man and asked him if he had seen any one with a couple of horses pass that road either that day or the day before. He replied that a young man had passed his house the evening before riding one horse and leading another, and his father-in-law had remarked at the time, "That chap is not used to riding much, or he has stole them horses." Willie then asked him if he had noticed them sufficiently to describe them. He said he had, and after accurately describing the missing animals, he then, to Willie's amazement, described Percy Newsom to the life. After thanking the man for the information, Willie pushed on for Spring Lick, and noticed, on arrival, that a good many people were gathered in knots and seemed to be discussing some exciting topic. When he was seen approaching, a couple of men came running to meet him, and asked him if he wasn't after a horse-thief. Willie responded that he was, and described young Newsom and the two animals. "That's the very fellow and the horses," one of them exclaimed, "but you have come too late." "Why so?" asked Willie. "Because they left awhile ago for Memphis, on a freight train."

There being no telegraph office at Spring Lick, Willie was compelled to foot it to Caneyville—his horse being about broken down from fast riding—from whence he telegraphed to Beaver Dam, and asked if the train had passed there. The reply was that it had not. He then wired a description of Newsom and the animals, and requested that some officer of the place arrest the former and take the latter from the train. Shortly afterwards he received another dispatch from Beaver Dam announcing that the train had arrived, the arrest made, and asking further instructions. He dispatched back for them to hold Newsom at his (Willie's) risk, and he would be down after him on the first train. It was not until after 2 o'clock Friday morning when a southbound train passed Caneyville, and on it, accompanied by Marshal Proctor, of Spring Lick, he proceeded to Beaver Dam. Arrived there, they learned that Newsom had escaped from his captors and that the horses were at McHenry's, two miles south of Beaver Dam. They proceeded to McHenry's, secured the horses, and took the first northbound freight train that came along. In this train was a condemned car being taken to the repair shop at Elizabethtown. At Horse Branch they side-tracked until the passage of a train due from Louisville. While awaiting the arrival of this latter, the conductor happened to look into the condemned car, and started back, exclaiming, "I expect your man is in here. If so, you had better get him out yourselves." The guards at Beaver Dam had claimed that when young Newsom escaped from them he had carried off the pistol of one of them. This they had told the conductor. Willie and Mr. Proctor at once entered the car with cocked and presented pistols, and sure enough there was their man. He emerged from his place of concealment, and made the remainder of the journey a prisoner.

As soon as he recognized his captor he said:

"Willie, this is a bad thing for me."

"Yes, Percy," the latter responded, "it's an awful bad thing."

Percy then, and subsequently at Hon. Late Green's, where they spent Friday night, told Willie the whole story of his exploit.

He said that he did not go into it voluntarily, but had been led into it; that Alfa had planned the whole thing, and kept at him until he consented to do it. The plan was for Percy to take the packet for Louisville, on the pretence that he had obtained a situation there; that he was to come down on some boat to Hawesville Monday night of last week, and hire a conveyance from a livery stable there to bring him to Cloverport Tuesday night; that he did so; that he stopped the buggy at Oglesby's, at the lower edge of town, and the driver turned back and returned to Hawesville; that he came up the alley and met Alfa, who got the horses out of the stables; that he got on one and Alfa on the other, and rode up the hill by Mrs. Isaac Miller's, and out the street between the Widow Miller's and Mr. Gruelle's, and across the gulley back of them, and out by Dr. Lewis', where Alfa left him. The understanding between them was that Percy was to take the horses to Spring Lick, ship them on the cars for Memphis, Tenn., and accompany them to Paducah, to which place Alfa was to proceed by boat and meet him. There Alfa was to take charge of the horses and proceed to Memphis and sell them. In the meantime Percy was to return to Louisville by rail, cross over to New Albany, register his name at some hotel, after securing the permission of the clerk to date his arrival far enough back to correspond with the date of the theft at Cloverport, so that, in case he should be subsequently suspected, the hotel register would establish an alibi. Unfortunately for the success of this neatly concocted plan, Percy was unfamiliar with the country between Cloverport and Spring Lick, and about twelve miles out from this city turned to the right at the Widow Newby's, and wandered off into the Pinchecoe country completely lost. Finally he managed to strike the proper road again; and got into Spring Lick late Wednesday afternoon. There he was compelled to wait until Thursday afternoon before he could ship the stolen animals. All this delay proved fatal to the success of the well laid plan. The story of his further pursuit and capture we have already told. After thus unbosoming himself as above related, it seems that he repented having been so communicative, and half a dozen times along the return journey he implored Willie to, the moment they arrived at Cloverport, hunt up Alfa, tell him of his capture, and tell him to get away, as all was known. When they arrived Willie had no opportunity, even had he the inclination, to give Alfa Percy's warning message, as he had already left town ostensibly in search of the stolen animals. He passed down the river Sunday, having gone from Owensboro to Louisville by rail, doubtless learning at Central City of the capture of Percy and recovery of the animals.

Percy gave as their reason for this escapade that they needed money to start a hennery here to raise chickens and eggs for market, and know of no other way to obtain it; that Alfa was to have returned from Memphis with the money he obtained for the horses, and on that capital they proposed to go into the business named.

This conduct of these two depraved young men falls with crushing weight upon their parents, who have the sympathy of the entire community. Only a couple of years ago their mother succeeded in saving Percy from the penitentiary for burglarizing Kingston's store in this city by securing a pardon in advance of trial from Governor Blackburn, and but a few months back she had gone to Texas and obtained like clemency from Governor Ireland for Alfa, who had been convicted of grand larceny at Cleburne, and sentenced to the penitentiary of that state.

Yet, notwithstanding her tears and sacrifices, oblivious of the shame and sorrow they bring upon all related to them, it seems they are determined to run their evil course to the end. The best thing, the only thing, that now can happen is for the law to deal with them without hindrance or obstruction.

Percy was examined before Judge DeHaven Saturday afternoon, and held to answer at the next term of the circuit court. In default of $600 bail he was taken to Hardinsburg and lodged in the county jail.

Suicide of a Hancock County Farmer.

Wednesday morning of last week, Mr. Warner Adams, farmer, living about four miles southwest of this city, near Camp Anderson, in Hancock county, destroyed his own life in the following manner:

It appears that there was to be a log-rolling in the neighborhood that day, to which he had been invited. Immediately after breakfast he left the house, as was supposed by the family, to go to the log rolling. But subsequent events show that he must have gone but a short distance from the house and concealed himself, knowing that it was the intention of his wife to take their two children and spend the day at a neighbor's. The supposition is that when he saw them depart he returned to the house, procured a rope, proceeded to the tobacco-barn, climbed up to the fourth tier, made a slip knot on one end of the rope which he placed about his neck, fastened the other end to a beam, and then stepped off a pole on which he stood, falling about two feet.

Shortly afterwards, and before life was extinct, several young men passed close to the barn on their way to the log rolling, and perceived Mr. Adams hanging there. They became so frightened at the sight that they lost all presence of mind, and instead of climbing up and cutting him down, they ran off to some neighboring houses and reported what they had seen. The report spread quickly through the neighborhood, and a large crowd speedily gathered at the place, but they came too late, and the act of suicide had been accomplished.

Mr. Adams, for a month or more, had displayed evidences of mental irregularity, only a couple of weeks ago having disappeared from his home without warning, and returning ten days afterward without vouchsafing explanation of his unaccountable absence. He was an industrious farmer and good citizen, who made a comfortable provision for his family, which consists of a wife and two children. He formerly lived on the David Adams place in Hancock county, and had been living on the place where he ended his life in the above described manner about four months.

Death of Dr. C. T. Rhoads.

Dr. Carey Trimble Rhoads, lessee of the Tar Springs summer resort, died at his residence there last Wednesday morning March 26, at 6:30 o'clock, after a painful illness of more than a year's duration. Deceased was born in Highland county, Ohio, June 12, 1828, and came to this county in 1852, where he has since resided. In December, 1855, he was married to Miss Martha Newton, who, with their daughter, Miss Mattie, survives him. He was buried Thursday at the family graveyard of Mrs. Rhoads' people on the old Newton place.

Joaquin Miller,

a story from whose pen we are now publishing, has just written a new book which is creating a sensation in many circles, under the title of "Memorie and Rime." Mr. Miller regards this as the best book he has ever written. It is full of romantic incidents of his early frontier life, containing many gems of poetry—for Mr. Miller ranks among the best of the worlds poets. It is published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, at the low price of 25 cents in paper binding and $1 00 in cloth binding. See their large advertisement in to-day's paper.

Is Your Life Worth a Dollar!

Perhaps that seems too high a price for it, considering how poor your blood is, and how your whole system is prostrated, debilitated, and enfeebled. People have been heard to say they would not give the loss of a copper for the choice between life and death. Now, my friends, if you feel that way, go to your druggist and buy a bottle of Dr. Whitesel's Blood Specific, and you will feel like living. It purifies and vitalizes the blood, tones the nerves, and builds up the whole system. Invest one dollar and be convinced. For sale by
W. G. SHORT, Cloverport, Ky.

The Protracted Meeting.

The protracted meeting, which has been going on in the Elm street Methodist church in this city for the last three weeks, still continues. The pastor was materially assisted by Rev. Mr. Goodson, of Hardinsburg, and Rev. Mr. Brewer, of Owensboro, both of whom preached eloquently and worked most faithfully, though it seems unavailingly, as there have been, so far, neither profession or conviction on the part of any sinner. Bro. Hayes is not discouraged, however, but expected Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Hawesville, to come to his assistance yesterday.

THE STATE NEWS.

Mrs. Wm. Leonard, of Henderson, gave birth to three boys last Thursday.

Smart Weed and Belladonna combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters make Carter's S. W. & B. Backache Plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

James C. Hamilton, at prominent shorthorn breeder of Bath county, is dead.

I am cured of Catarrh and deafness by Ely's Cream balm. My aunt was deaf in one ear. After using the Balm a few times her hearing was restored. F. D. MORSE, Insurance Broker, Elizabeth, N. J. Not a liquid or snuff.

Louisville has lost another sterling citizen in the death of Hon. Thos. L. Jefferson.

My Wife's Nervous Affection.

"We had ceased to hope that my wife's nervous affection could be cured," writes Rev. J. A. Edie of Beaver, Pa. "Many physicians failed to do her good, but *"Samaritan Nervine* has cured her." At druggists.

Gov. Knott has respited the sentence against Capt. A. J. May, of Lexington, for malicious shooting.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money returned. Price 25 cents per box For sale by W. G. Short.

George Woolwine, who was on trial at Richmond for the murder of one Haley, has been acquitted by a three-fourths vote of the jury.

I was troubled with Chronic Catarrh and gathering in my head, was very deaf at times, had discharges from my ears, and was unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to day enjoy sound health.—C. J. CORBIN 923 Chestnut st., Field Manager, Philadelphia Pub. House, Pa. (See adv't.)

E. T. Dickey, a Covington stock dealer, has relieved prominent Louisville stock dealers of several thousand dollars by forged paper.

I could scarcely speak; it was almost impossible to breath through my nostrils. Using Ely's Cream balm a short time I was entirely relieved. My head has not been so clear nor voice so strong in years. I recommend this admirable remedy to all afflicted with Catarrh or Colds in the head —J. O. TICHENOR, Shoe Merchant, Elizabeth, N. J. (Price 50 cts.)

Col Robt A. Johnston, of the firm of D. H. Baldwin & Co., musical instrument dealers, Louisville, died at his residence in that city Friday.

NOTICE: In another column will be found an article in which all (whether they will or no) are interested. Neglecting to read it may prove a very serious as well as expensive affair. We refer to the advertisement of Prickly Ash Bitters. A knowledge of its merits and the benefit you or your family may derive from using it will save not only health but many dollars otherwise expended in "Doctors' bills."

Gentry Haggard was shot and mortally wounded at Bork's Mill, Rockcastle county, Monday of last week, by John Reynolds. The former was the aggressor.

The very best remedy that can be compounded from our present knowledge of drugs, for colds, coughs, asthma, bronchitis and other lung diseases, is Dr. Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It has cured many cases of consumption when all other remedies had failed. A single spoonful will cure an ordinary cough or cold and give instant relief to asthma. It is soothing, healing and strengthening to throat and lungs and is very pleasant to take.

The Louisville Southern Exposition movement is booming. The plan of canvassing for a $25 subscription has proved successful beyond expectation.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by W. G. Short.

A ewe belonging to Capt. Dan Murphy of Garrard county, dropped a double bodied, double-tailed, double-legged, and doubled everything-else except neck and head, ram lamb one day last week. It is still alive.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa. writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a *walking Skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs."

Call at W. G. Short's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1.00.

The ladies of Lexington are organizing a Hart Memorial Association, the object being to raise funds to purchase his latest work, "The Triumph of Chastity," and place it in the rotunda of the new courthouse in their city.

Opening the Fountains.

In numberless bulbs beneath the skin is secreted the liquid substance which gives the hair its texture, color and gloss. When this secretion stops, the hair begins at once to become dry, lustreless, brittle and gray. Is that the condition of your hair? If so, apply Parker's Hair Balsam at once. It will restore the color, gloss and life by renewing the action of nature. The Balsam is not an oil, not a dye, but an elegant toilet article, highly appreciated because of its cleanliness.

A small child of Charles McClintock, of Lloyd county, accidentally caught fire from a grate Wednesday and was soon enveloped in flames. After lingering in terrible agony for several hours the child was relieved by death.

It is said that Katie, a three-year old daughter of Matthew Dykes, of Clark county, can sing any song she ever heard as perfectly as if she had studied the music.

Many whose blood had become poisoned from various causes, and whose ill health was indicated by pimples, sore feelings aches, pains, urinary sediments, catarrh and inflammation of the mucuous membrane, constipation, dyspepsia, bad dreams, nervousness, sleeplessness, etc., have been restored to perfect health by using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla It is the only true blood purifier and strengthener of mind and body. No other remedy equals it.

Mr. Burr Huffman, a prominent farmer of Hardin county, was drowned Sunday while trying to ford the mouth of Cedar Creek on a frail raft. The body has not been recovered.

At Bethlehem, eight miles from Eminence, James Young (white) and Simon Clubb (colored) had a "difficulty." The negro went off and subsequently returned with a pistol and a knife, and was advancing on Young when the latter shot him dead.

A complete cure for that debilitating drain that indicates a weakness of the urinary organs, nasal catarrh and other evidences of a diseased mucuous membrane may be found in the use of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Don't be frightened by the advertisements of quack doctors. This remedy will purify the blood, strengthen the parts affected, heal all irritation of the mucuous membrane, and remove every symptom of the disorders. It is a sure cure for nervous debility and general ill health.

THE CINCINNATI COMMUNE.

Concluded from Second Page.

armed, and preceded by a drum and fife, is now marching through Vine street, headed for the jail. The mob, a few minutes ago secured three cannon from Music Hall, and a terrible combat seems imminent.

4 A. M.—The conflict is ended for the present, and the mob is slowly dispersing. The number of killed and wounded is variously estimated at from thirty to fifty.

SATURDAY'S WORK.

CINCINNATI, March 30.—Yesterday and last night was another terrible season in this affrighted city. The mob renewed its attack on the jail, and fired and burned the beautiful courthouse, destroying the invaluable records of the city and county. The military kept firing on them with deadly effect and the bloodshed was simply appalling. Berner, the wretched murderer whose light sentence precipitated the outbreak, was stolen out of the city Friday night and started on a train for Columbus. At Loveland he was recognized and taken from the officers by a mob, from whom he escaped. After wandering around among the fields for many hours he was recaptured by the officers and safely landed in the penitentiary at Columbus.

It is now known that fifty-four of the mob were killed by the soldiery in the combats of Friday and last nights, while sixty nine wounded are lying in the public asylums, while hundreds of other wounded were carried off by their friends.

SUNDAY'S WORK.

CINCINNATI, March 31.—All day yesterday the mob was sullen and made no organized attack on the jail, contenting themselves with abusing the soldiers behind the barricades, who returned the abuse in kind, and occasionally with a bullet. Probably a dozen men were shot down on the streets without provocation by the soldiers. The city is full of troops, and every incoming train brings reinforcements. The reign of the mob is ended—the tragedy of the commune is over. At 3 o'clock this morning not a vestige of the mob is left, and the streets are in full possession of the soldiery.

It is impossible yet to ascertain the actual number of killed and wounded. Fifty dead and two hundred wounded fell into the hands of the authorities. It is said to say that fully as many of each class were borne off by their friends. It will not be far out of the way to sum up the number of killed at from one hundred to one hundred and twenty five and the wounded at from four to five hundred; fully one fourth of the latter will die.

WE HAVE COME TO STAY.

Buy the BEST AND ONLY COMPLETE PUMP MADE.

We mean the STONE PUMP, manufactured and sold by Eberman & Co., Hawesville, Ky. Every pump sold by them is put in your well or cistern free of cost, and if it does not prove satisfactory no pay is required.

Being made of STONE they will not contaminate the water, RUST, ROT, FREEZE or WEAR OUT, are cheaper, considering their durability, than rope and bucket, or any other pump.

Send them your order, and you will never regret it; or send them your name and nearest steamboat landing, and one of their agents will call on you and show you the pump before ordering. WE SELL ON ITS MERITS, GIVE VALUE RECEIVED, HAVE COME TO STAY, and are SELLING MORE STONE PUMPS TO DAY where we have introduced them than all other kinds—wood, chain, or elevating bucket—combined.

Send your name and P. O. address on a card and receive a set of handsome Chromo Cards. Address
THE STONE PUMP CO.,
Hawesville, Ky.

P. S.—Orders left with Miller & Hovious or at J. L. Miller's Hardware Store, Cloverport, will receive our prompt attention.

How Gentlemen Should Dress this Spring,

For "particular occasions," such as a wedding, or for "full dress" parties, a black cloth "swallow-tail" coat, with vest of the same, and black doeskin pants, is decidedly the most appropriate, although a Prince Albert frock of fine black diagonal worsted, with vest and pants to match, can be worn, particularly if the newly-married man starts soon after the ceremony on a "tour." The latter style obviates the necessity of a change of dress before departure. J. WINTER & CO., corner of Third and Market streets, the leading merchant tailors of Louisville, have a great variety of this class of goods in their custom department, on the second floor of their store, displayed in a strong light and arranged in systematic order. For evening visits, or invitations "to tea," a black, dark blue, or olive diagonal worsted, or corkscrew worsted, with vest of same and light colored or dark striped pants, is very appropriate and gives an elegant appearance to the wearer. The cut of the coat is from one to four button single-breasted cutaway frock. J. WINTER & CO., corner of Third and Market streets, can show to you about two hundred different styles and colors of this class of goods in their merchant tailor department. For business wear a cassimere, cheviot or Scotch suit, coat, pants and vest alik, of small figure and light, medium dark or dark color, to suit the wearer's taste, cut in frock or sack style, the latter preferred, to button high or a very long roll lapelle, will be the favorite style, as it is cool, pleasant and comfortable. Coats of this cut and style of goods are worn short; a tall man, six feet or over in stature, should, however, not have the skirt very short, as it is not becoming. J. WINTER & CO., Louisville's leading and reliable merchant tailors, corner of Third and Market streets, have about two hundred and fifty styles of these goods, light and dark in color, which they will be delighted to show the readers of this paper. Some gentleman may wish a suit and an extra pair of pants; he has an excellent opportunity to make a selection from the great variety of suitings and pantalooning which J. WINTER & CO. have in their merchant tailoring department, second floor, corner of Third and Market streets. In order to suit everybody's purse the variety of quality and of price is very great. No one will have an excuse not to buy from J. W. & Co., owing to the great assortment and low prices. If beauty of style, artistic cut, first-class trimming, and last, but not least, low prices, will do it, J. WINTER & CO. will supply the majority of the readers of this paper who wish to have good clothes made to order at reasonable prices. You will more than save your fare by coming to Louisville and trade with J. WINTER & CO.

STOP!

When you go to Hardinsburg next week, be sure to stop at

ELDER'S HOTEL

It is a large and commodious house, newly built and refurnished and the table supplied with the very best the market affords. Try if you want a good square meal.

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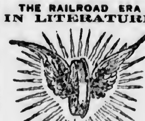
J. D. BABBAGE.

THE RAILROAD ERA IN LITERATURE.



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formerly owned by Mr. Wm. Beard, of Hardinsburg, can now be found at the above farm. This Jack is too well known to need any description. His colts are large, and invariably black or brown.

SERVICE.—$8.00, payable when the mare is delivered of a living colt, or when the mare is parted with if sold.
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All persons indebted to Dr. Geo. H. Kurtz for services of Horses and Jacks, to come forward immediately and settle, and thereby save costs of collection, as I am needing the money and must have it. Mr. John Staton will receive the money at Hardinsburg and receipt for same, and myself, or John Snider, will receive at Webster.
DR. GEO. H. KURTZ.

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The SADDLE STALLION well known as the "Hawkins Horse." Will sell him at a bargain, or trade him for a *good* combined horse.
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200 Bushels

of Prussian White Oats Seeds at a bargain, obtained from D. M. Ferry & Co., and warranted pure. For sale at my place in Sterrett's Bottom.
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For Sale.

Four Mules, 3 to 4 years old, well broken to work, and in good order. Also 60 Ewes and Lambs of high grade. Sold in lots to suit purchasers.
ED BENNETT,
3 miles west of Bewleyville, Ky.

Notice to Creditors.

BRECKENRIDGE CIRCUIT COURT.

Samuel Wymond & Co., Plfs. } In Equity,
vs.
Mansfield & Cavin, Dfts. }

All persons having claims against the estate of Mansfield & Cavin, are hereby notified to produce the same, properly proven, before the undersigned, commissioner, at his office in Hardinsburg, on or before the first day of April next.

Given under my hand as commissioner of said court, this 4th day of March, 1884.
V. G. BABBAGE, C.B.C.C.

Mill for Sale.

I will sell my Steam Flouring Mill, two runs of burrs, one for corn and the other for wheat, and two Tracts of Land near Fordsville. I will sell all together, or separate, as desired. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to or address,
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Bank Notice.

Notice is hereby given that books will be opened at the following times and places for the purpose of receiving subscriptions of stock to the Bank of Hardinsburg, Ky.:

At the—
Office of Kincheloe & Eskridge, 1st Monday in May, 1884, and may continue open 1 month.
Storehouse of Jolly & Cain, Bewleyville, 1st Monday in May, 1884, and may continue open 1 month.
Storehouse of D. S. Richardson & Co., Union Star, 2nd Monday in May, 1884, and continue open 1 month.
Office of J. A. Murray, Cloverport, 3rd Monday in May, 1884, and may continue open 1 month.
Storehouse of F. T. Heyser & Bro., Mook, 4th Monday in May, 1884, and may continue open 1 month.
By order of the Board of Incorporators, March 15, 1884. B. F. BEARD, Pres't.
JAS. E. STONE, JR., Sec.

THIS SPACE

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$1.50 WILL SECURE THE REGULAR WEEKLY VISITS OF THE PAPER FOR ONE YEAR.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

LAST WEEK'S TORNADO.

Death and Devastation Marks Its Path Across Kentucky.

LOUDON, Ky., March 25.—A terrific cyclone passed near this place and Petersburg, two miles south of London, about 5 o'clock this afternoon, carrying death and destruction in its train, especially at Pittsburg, where it was the severest. At this place, the new Methodist church, the brick ing of which had just been completed and a portion of the member-bonding put on, was razed to the ground and damaged about $1,50. Several other pieces of property sustained slight damages. At Pittsburg the loss was much heavier than here.

John Hallman is broken on a freight train, was blown from a freight box and carried about fifty feet, landing on the bank in a creek and breaking his neck, causing instantaneous death. Mr. Hallman was about thirty years old, and leaves a widow and two children at Livingston Station, Ky.

A little girl, is which a Mrs Broughton was living, was blown down, instantly killing Mrs. Broughton and her two little children.

The following persons are thought to be mortally wounded: Col C. W. Stringer, both legs broken and cut in the head Mrs. C. W. Stringer, hip mashed. Robert Billings, spinal column broken and cut in the head. Miss Sallie Gill, cut in the head. James Warren, two ribs broken and wounded in the head.

The estimated damage to property foots up fully $16,000.

CINCINNATI, Mar. 26.—The News-Journal of this morning says: A cyclone of great power and destructiveness passed over a portion of Barry county, Kentucky, yesterday afternoon, sweeping everything before it like a reaper mowing a swath. The track of the tornado seems to have been comparatively narrow, and crossed the railroad at Boyd's Station, fifty miles south of the Kentucky Central railroad, tossing cross and houses and barns and fences in its path as if they were so many feathers flying about in a sportive gale. The telegraph lines along the railroad were prostrated, but no other railroad damage is reported. The track of the furious wind, however, is strewn with wrecks of houses. A church and a school house are reported as being crushed and scattered as if blown up with dynamite. A number of people are said to have been injured and several killed. In the vicinity of Boyd's many distressing cases are reported, and the confusion and grief and loss are indescribable. Some handsome residences are destroyed, and their materials and contents scattered like a ball. Many people fled to their cellars for safety from the pursuing demon of the storm, others sought the shelter of their ravines, and some are actually said to have gotten into the well's in escape the threatened destruction. It was late in the afternoon when the fury manifested its presence, and so all the person and circumstances might exist, so that it is impossible to get details of the loss. Just the moment when people are doing all they can to shelter and help their less fortunate neighbors.

LEXINGTON, Ky., March 25.—Conflicting rumors reached here tonight of a terrible cyclone in the northern portion of Harrison county traversing from up to westward in the track of Cynthiana and almost totally destroying it. A large number of stores and private residences are said to be destroyed and a large number of people hurt or in the debris. Exaggerated reports make the loss of life great but from reliable sources it is gathered that no persons were killed and when fifteen injured, some of them perhaps fatally. The cyclone passed over town of Boyd Station, and did considerable damage to trees and fencing in that section, and tore down a lot of telegraph wires. No loss of life is reported from any other point except Cynthiana.

BUFFALO, N.Y., March 26.—The storm struck Coldenamville from the east and in a few moments the destruction was complete. On both sides of the street houses, stores, barns and the church were either demolished or carried away. Twenty houses were rendered untenable and people leaving and into the streets, as well as those in the falling buildings, were injured by the falling timbers.

Mrs. A. H. Ball with her infant three weeks old left her house during the storm and was blown across the street, her babe torn from her arms and her companion Rebecca Thompson knocked senseless from falling timbers. Both were picked up insensible and badly injured while her babe was found some time later 200 yards from the house, its head crushed in and its body badly bruised. It evidently had been killed instantly. The mother is much prostrated and her recovery as well as Miss Thompson's is yet feared for.

James Jarrell's house was blown clear away, and his family of wife and three children badly injured.

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The Baptist church has completely disappeared and, herod how as it may seem, nothing but the foundation remains, while the remainder of the building can not be found.

Dan Lighter and his family of two children and wife were badly hurt. His son, aged ten, sustained concussion of the brain, and his twelve year old daughter was fatally injured internally.

The storm then raged along the banks of Locking river for half a mile, denuding the banks of a dense growth of timber, and carried it completely away across the Kentucky Central road. Twenty houses or more, known as Mt. Nebo, were utterly destroyed and a number of persons fatally injured. A wood containing 400 large trees was completely swept away. Leaving Mt. Nebo, the cyclone moved on towards Antioch, and after injuring persons and property, started for Conory, Claysville and Shedd's Dell, injuring a large number of people. The suffering is great, and the majority of the people being poor, the loss can not be estimated. Between fifty and seventy five families are homeless and destitute, and if ever any place needed assistance these villages do. The losses in this county will aggregate nearly half a million, and legislative aid will probably be required to restore anything like the former condition of the people.

SHELBYVILLE, Ky., March 26.—A 12 o'clock yesterday a water spout, accompanied by a terrific wind, burst over our town, striking the rear of all the buildings standing on inclined ground. All residences in the flats were surrounded by water, and many of the first floors submerged six or eight inches. For a few minutes the scene was frightful. At precisely 3 o'clock the first storm, with the exception of hail in the latter, was duplicated. The town being surrounded by hills, sustained but little damage from the wind, though the worst is feared for the country.

FALMOUTH, Ky., March 26.—A fearful cyclone passed through the woods just south of this town, on the Kentucky Central railroad, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The track of the cyclone was half a mile wide from east to west, uprooting trees and everything in its path. Many trees were blown across the railroad track but these are being cleared away by work men. So far no lives are reported lost and no dwellings destroyed.

BEWLEYVILLE.

The farmers in this vicinity are busy at work.

Bewleyville is also busy. She is certainly getting out of the *Woods*. She has two flourishing schools. Heretofore we have had a hard time to get one. Our teachers are Profs W. H. Bell and R. E. Woods. Mr. Bell (formerly of Hardinsburg), who is a graduate of the Commercial College at Evansville, Ind., has given general satisfaction so far, and it is hoped he will continue to do so, as there has heretofore been some dissatisfaction in the district.

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There have been eighteen or nineteen deaths in Custer and vicinity within the last two months. It is really alarming. The physicians say the deadly scourge is an epidemic born of unhealthy fever.

W. W. Williams has invested considerable money in fine stock, consisting of pedigreed horses, cattle and sheep. In a few years you can go to Mr. Williams' "Basin Spring" farm and buy as well bred and fine stock as you can in the bluegrass counties. He is an energetic business man and it is hoped success will crown his effort to introduce county traversing from up to westward in the track of Cyclone and is almost totally destroying it. A large number of stores and private residences are said to be destroyed and a large number of people hurt or in the debris. Exaggerated reports make the loss of life great but from reliable sources it is gathered that no persons were killed and when fifteen injured, some of them perhaps fatally. The cyclone passed over town of Boyd Station, and did considerable damage to trees and fencing in that section, and tore down a lot of telegraph wires. No loss of life is reported from any other point except Coleman's ville.

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Rev. J. W. Albright has succeeded in organizing a Baptist church at Big Spring, and will erect a house of worship there as soon as he can raise a few more hundred dollars. The prospect for the needed funds being raised is very flattering, as he has met with great encouragement here and at Big Spring. Mr. H. Meador donated the lot on which to erect the building.

There have been eighteen or nineteen deaths in Custer and vicinity within the last two months. It is really alarming. The physicians say the deadly scourge is an epidemic born of unhealthy fever.

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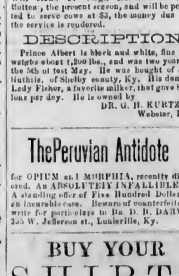

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